

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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## Reunion slated for August

If you began high school in September of 1970 or 1971 or were in grade 12 or 13 in September of 1974, or were one of the graduating class of 1975, we want you!

All class of '75 members are invited to take part in a weekend reunion planned for the August long weekend. Yes, it's been ten years and we've got a fun filled weekend planned to celebrate.

To kick off the weekend we plan to have registration and a wine and cheese get-together at the Chalet on the Friday evening. Saturday morning will see a pancake breakfast take place from 9 a.m. until noon at the Nipigon Curling Club, followed by an afternoon golf tournament. Saturday evening's plans include a dinner and dance.

Sunday morning will be given over to rest and a chance to recuperate for the Family Fun Day slated for the afternoon. Activities will include a water regatta, relay races, and games for all ages. Sunday evening, for those who still feel

energized, we plan to have a bonfire and sing-a-long.

Monday a BBQ Picnic Windup will begin at noon (in case of rain we'll be moving into the curling club). As people head home we're sure they'll take many new memories of old friends and good times.

Now that you're as excited as I am about all this you can pick the event you'd like to help out with and let the co-ordinator know about it. Your "Nip-Rock Class of '75 Reunion Committee" consists of: Reunion Co-ordinator - Elizabeth Harvey-Foulds; Reunion Treasurer - Yvonne (Koski) Gill; Pancake Breakfast Co-ordinator - Michelle (Bouchard) Sequin; Golf Tournament Co-ordinator Les Dunville; Dance Co-ordinator - Wayne Roy; Family Fun Day Co-ordinator - Patty Jordan; Windup BBQ Co-ordinator - Roma (St. Pierre) Dupuis.

All teachers from our high school years are also

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## Letters to the editor

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News invites readers to write letters to the editor on any subject.

All letters must be signed, and it would be helpful to include a telephone number in case we have to check the veracity of the letter. However, the writer's name may be withheld from publication, if requested.

Although there can be no guarantee of publication, the "News" will attempt to publish all letters, space permitting. All letters are subject to editing for style, taste and length. The opinions expressed in letters to the editor are strictly the opinion of the writer, and not necessarily those of the newspaper.

Address your letters to: The Editor, Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario. P0T 2W0.

## Letters to the Editor

### Kerosene prices vary: Stokes

January 15, 1985

The Honourable Robert Elgie, M.D.  
Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations  
555 Yonge Street  
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Mr. Elgie:

Allow me to quote the prices that were given to me by various retail dealers of kerosene in selected areas of the province.

Armstrong, \$14.95 per gallon; Thunder Bay, 6.98 per gallon; Toronto, 3.50 per gallon (malodorous); Toronto, 5.69 per gallon (odour free); Pickle Lake, 51.1 cents per litre (with own container).

It is obvious from the above data that distance or the isolation factor has nothing to do with the retail

price of a gallon of kerosene if one compares the price between Armstrong and Pickle Lake, which is even more remote.

There would appear to be no legitimate or tangible reason for such a wide variation in price even in free market system.

Since your Ministry has the mandate for consumer protection, I am sure that you would want this information brought to your attention to ensure that there is at least some semblance

of equity, fairness and protection for all consumers wherever they may live in the Province of Ontario.

Anything you can do to explain this wide discrepancy in pricing will be most welcome and

greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,  
Jack Stokes, MPP  
Lake Nipigon Riding

### Funding request noted

Mr. A.J. Gauthier  
Clerk-Treasurer  
Township of Schreiber

Dear Mr. Gauthier:

I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 4, 1984 regarding your request for information on funds available for the construction of a new fire hall.

The Speech from the Throne of March 20, 1984 addressed this subject. There will be an interval of time before policy issues are settled and strategies formulated to implement this assistance program; hence, we are certainly not in a position to provide funding to a maximum of Bay.

\$25,000.00. Your request, however, has been noted.

While I am unable to give you an exact date of commencement for this initiative, there will be a further announcement in due course.

Yours truly,  
George W. Taylor, Q.C.  
Solicitor General

## Arthur Black

### Auto mania



Let's hear it for Andy Brown of Chicago. Mister Brown is a man with an idea whose time has come. He is the manager of the E-Z Parkade — a ten-level parking garage in downtown Windy City. Now I don't know about you, but I can lose my car in the Pizza Hut parking lot. Can you imagine how long I might wander the catacombs of a ten-level parking garage?

That's where Andy Brown's great idea comes in. He decided last year that the conventional method of designating parking levels — 4A...6B — was, to quote Andy "Real boring." So he came up with a whole new scheme. He gave each floor the name of a city. Instead of one, two, three, four, Andy Brown's Parking Emporium has Dallas, Phoenix, St. Louis, and so on.

That's Phase One. What makes the scheme work is that each floor also has its own, particular song wafting over the public address system. On the "Dallas" floor you hear "Big D". On "St. Louis", what you get is "Meet Me in St. Louis". On the floor called "Phoenix", the strains of "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" percolate with the exhaust fumes.

Get it? Dopey drivers like me don't have to remember meaningless snatches of hieroglyphics such as Seven-C or Eight-K. All we have to keep in mind is Pearl Bailey singing "April in Paris" or Old Blue Eyes crooning "My Kind of Town, Chicago is..." Smart, huh?

Reminds me of a deliciously dirty trick a Southern Ontario editor friend of mine once played on a public relations man I'll call Fred Blank. Fred

shilled for the local Chrysler dealer and he was always badgering, hounding and wheedling my editor friend to give him some free publicity in the paper. Fred would woo junior reporters with free drinks and lunches. He'd show up at the office with glossy eight-by-tens of scantily-clad women draped over Chrysler hoods. He'd phone in fake news stories that always managed to mention the location of the Chrysler showroom.

One day Fred pushed my editor friend too hard. "You want some ink for your cars Fred?" said my normally docile editor. "I'll give you some damned ink for your cars."

This is the story that appeared in the next edition:

There will be a Hornet's nest of activity downtown this weekend.

It's a promotion thought up by

Fred Blank, a Mercurial Gremlin whose Meteoric rise to the top ranks of the Public Relations game has branded him the El Dorado of publicity gimmicks. Mister Blank swears his latest scheme is neither a shameless Dodge or a mere Lark. "At first we thought we'd have an exotic animal show" explained Mister Blank, "But then we reasoned that if folks really wanted to see Cougars, Lynxes, Bobcats and Jaguars, they could just go to the zoo. We decided against a bird show too. I mean, how far would you go just to see a Falcon or an Eagle? Besides, what if the weather turned bad? You get two inches of snow on a weekend and wild horses — even Mustangs or Broncos — wouldn't bring out the crowds. 'We tried to get a big name emcee for the event', explained Mister

Blank, dressed in a three-piece suit of Lincoln green. 'We called up Chevy Chase and even ex-president Gerald Ford. But Chevy was already booked for a Civic function at Plymouth Rock. Mister Ford said he was getting too Olds for live promotions and that he planned to spend the weekend hunting Rabbits on his Pony ranch outside of Pontiac, Michigan.' Mister Blank is director of public relations for a large local automobile franchise.

And that was it. A whole story about cars that mentioned just about every make but the one Fred sold for a living.

You know, it's a funny thing — my editor friend never heard from the Chrysler guy again.